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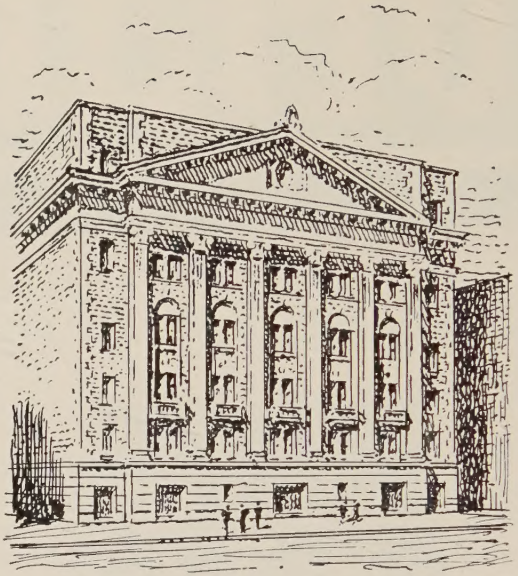
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

LET your life be broad, sympathetic, lofty, and comprehensive. Beware those habits and ruts which unconsciously limit men who are too much absorbed in single pursuits. *Keep the windows of your mind wide open* to the light from all directions. Give your spirit a daily flight of exercise and freedom. Let the innermost thoughts of your mind gain strength and significance through expression. Liberate the fine feelings of love, joyousness, enthusiasm, nobility, gratitude, and appreciation, that your heart may expand into fullness. *Live now a full-orbed life.* It is better to be good-natured than great, and to be sincerely beloved by your friends and associates transcends all material riches. *Live your largest life today.*

GRENVILLE KLEISER



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **April, 1948** *Number 1*

The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd.

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DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Chicago's well-known Pastor
Commentator, Author, Traveler and Humanitarian

SPEAKS EVERY SUNDAY
Also Monday through Friday—WGN 6 p.m.

* * *

Sunday Morning Service—11 o'clock
Broadcast WJJD

Church School—9:30 a.m.

* * *

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Our Only Creed

This Church is different. If you have given up church-going, why not attend one service some Sunday? Come once and you will come often. It is a church of the people and is in its 36th year. People of every creed, faith and race are invited. We publish a magazine, "The Liberalist," and a newspaper, "The Dial," every month. Write or 'phone Longbeach 6878 for information. See Page 22 for full schedule of church activities.

"WHAT'S YOUR ATTITUDE?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

THRU long experience I have discovered that if you really want to hear from your radio friends and radio listeners, *MAKE A MISTAKE!* Then the letters will pour in, and the postal cards will come, and the telephones will jangle, and you will realize how many people are checking up on you and listening to you. I have kept a careful file of all the critical, condemning, attacking letters I have ever received, a very interesting file, and I might say to you, rather a large one too, because down thru the years I have taken positions and points of view that have not been popular at all.

I don't want to infer that most of the letters are critical, they are not, but once in a while along will come a letter or a postal steeped in vitriol and venom, every word, every sentence full of venom, hatred, criticism, attack, all of which, of course, does not disturb me in the least, not in the least, because it is possible for an individual to build a fortification which is impervious to evil thoughts and evil thinking from other people. *EVIL HAS NO MORE POWER THAN WE PERMIT IT TO HAVE!* Evil people cannot hurt you, not one second, they can do nothing if you have constructed a fortification about you which is impervious to their designs and their darts. We give evil people and evil things reality by recognizing their potency, and of course, evil people and evil thoughts all have, within themselves, the power for the destruction of the people who have them. No one ever said an unkind word, or did a cruel thing, no one was ever critical or evil, or lied about anyone else, no one ever did any of these things but that the evil turned right around and acted as a boomerang upon the people who perpetrated it.

I meet people every day destroying their health, their attitude, their outlook, destroying themselves by their own attitude toward others. They build within themselves the fire that burns and destroys themselves, and the reason for that, you see, is that evil is always destructive, it is never constructive; it is never creative, it is always destructive, and it always destroys the medium thru which it functions. Always—that is the law! That is why I meet people with their faces all screwed up with hate, with that steely look in their eyes and you can tell that they are askew with the universe. Everything is wrong, everyone is a crook, everything is a racket, everybody is a liar, a grafter, everybody is bad, bad, bad, and they go home suffering with arthritis. That's their whole attitude. Sometimes evil will try its best to destroy you, to give you a cold, it will do everything, but it itself will be destroyed; that's the fundamental law! Well now, that was not what I started out to say at all, but, when I get up in the pulpit I am a victim of several things, one is the personality of the congregation. There are very few people who come to Church who realize, in a true sense, that they preach the sermon, and nobody in the congregation realizes how

important they are to the speaker, or the preacher. In this congregation this morning every person here, as fine as it is, every person here is an identity to me and I just don't see a lot of people, I see a person, and a person, and a person, and out of the faces of those people there comes something that either helps me, or hinders me, because each individual inevitably registers reaction, and if you are at all sensitive, as I am, to your environment that reaction cannot help but do something to you. There are people in congregations who simply lift me to the very heights when I see them and know they are there; I am just lifted to the very heights. I don't think that individuals realize that. They think that they are a part of a large congregation and because they are, it is unimportant what their individual reactions are. In a congregation, I inevitably react when they pull up their sleeves and look at their watches. I get to a certain point in the sermon sometimes and there are a half dozen people who turn around and look at that clock to see how much longer they have to endure that experience. You people in a congregation are so important, not because of numbers but because of you being you as an individual response. So, when I start into a sermon and get to going—I never know where I am going, sometimes I don't go anywhere, but the interesting thing is that I enjoy it. I think the happiest moments of my life, without doubt, are the ones in this pulpit. They are life's perfect moments for me, the beauty of the service, the litany, the silent prayer, the music, once a week, the faces of the people I love and have worked with, whom I call by their first names, are all a part of my life and together make the most happy enrichment that I have during the whole week. And my sermons are just the overflow of my life, and when they are helpful and inspiring, then I feel that we have touched the souls of people.

Charles Kingsley, a preacher in England, the author of "Westward Ho!" would get up and preach a sermon in his little village church, and they said he would lean over a big, high pulpit, and look around and say, "Well, friends, let's talk over together what has happened to us since we were here last," and then he would go on in a friendly, intimate way, and every person in that congregation would feel that Charles Kingsley was just seated by their side in front of a little friendly fire and just talking over with them what had happened during the week since they had met together. What an enriching experience that was. I think of it when I come to my pulpit and I would like to talk over with you some of the things that have happened to us since we were last here. So much does happen every week of our lives, so much does happen. Sorrow, illness, separation, death, failures, frustration, success, achievement, smiles, tears, heartaches, misunderstandings loss of money, loss of position, loss of home, trouble in the home . . . O, you could go on, and on, and on, all these things have happened since last we were here, and the responsibility which I have, it seems to me, as you give me this privilege Sunday morning after Sunday morning, to talk these things over with you, and with the people on the air whom I never see and may never know, simply brings to me enthusiasm, an enthusiasm that at times becomes almost uncontrollable, an enthusiasm that burdens me to find a way, just find a way, in which I can get this truth and this beauty into the hearts of people who are living in these hectic, confused weeks between Sunday mornings, until I will tell you frankly how it affects me. I don't know as it ought

to affect me that way, but every time I see a vacant seat in this Church, a vacant chair, a seat with nobody in it and I realize that I am in the heart of the metropolitan area of 4½ millions of people, I wonder how it happens that I have failed the person who ought to be there. I often wonder to myself what is the matter with our Church, what is the matter with me, what is it that we can do, what ought to be done that when eleven o'clock comes on Sunday morning, no matter what their race, their creed, their faith, their church loyalty, no matter, we might have the one thousand seven hundred seats in this Church filled, but if those 1700 seats were packed full every service it would only be a little drop in the bucket, just a little drop. And I often wonder why it is, every time I see a vacant seat, and I say to myself "Where is the person, where are they, what have we said, what have we done, that they are not available for something beautiful and good and lovely." That's how I react. That's how I feel.

So, coming back to this letter business, this week I had a letter that I am sorry I did not bring to read to you. It said, "Doctor Bradley, I am your most severe critic"—and that's a good way to start, that always gladdens your heart and always lifts you up and inspires you, then they went on with a very intelligent analysis of my sermons and some of my broadcasts. It is evidence that you have stopped growing if you ever feel you are above criticism. Whenever anyone gets to the point where they feel they are above criticism, they are finished. Sometimes a real fine quality of character is revealed by how people take criticism.

Of course, no one likes to be criticized. I don't, and I don't think you do, but it indicates a certain quality of character the way we react to criticism. I know people who cannot stand a word of criticism; they fly off the handle and away they go making it difficult for everyone around them—just a little word. I think it is evidence of a certain quality of character the way you react to criticism. I did not like the letter, of course, I don't think I have ever met the person who wrote it, I hope to some day, we could be good friends. Charles Lamb once told of a man who had criticized another and he said to the critic, "I did not know you knew him." "I don't," replied the critic, "if I did, perhaps I would like him." Yet he was full of criticism but he did not know the person.

So this letter went on and it was rather interesting, I rather liked it and learned a lot from it, but it said this: "Doctor Bradley, why do you get two or three words or phrases and toss them around as though they were the only words in the English language?" "Well, that was not bad," I said, "now I must go on and see what the word is." "I wish that some time I would hear you on the air at six o'clock in the evening or in the pulpit at the Church preach a sermon without using the word 'attitude,' for that's your toy word, you play around with the word as though there was not another word in the English language." Lo and behold, I was supposed to talk this morning on "What's Your Attitude?" and this is the first time I have gotten around to it. I hope that my friend is listening this morning, my best critic as he calls himself. Now, what is your attitude? Most people think an attitude is an objective and it is not. When a person comes to me with a problem or in need of fortification and there is some difficulty the thing I seek for first is the attitude of the person toward their own trouble. The attitude

is not the trouble, and your attitude toward war, toward religion, toward this and that, (My! I am helping that critic out this morning) that is not the thing itself at all; an attitude is not a thing, the attitude is not the objective, the attitude—let's find another word—the atmosphere, how's that? The atmosphere that you carry with you toward a problem—atmosphere. That's almost better than attitude from the point of view that I mean, and it is the atmosphere that you bring with you to your problem and your difficulty and all these things in life. The atmosphere or your attitude toward it. That's why, for instance, there is such complete and final recovery for a great many people who have severe difficulties in the world. That's why there is a great deal of recovery for them, and the results are remarkable. Why? You detect that they have a certain atmosphere about their own problem and difficulty, that's the reason people can stand life that has been hard, the way some people can. There is a reason why that lad that I saw at Vaughn this week with his arms and legs all braced can stand it. Three years he has not had the use of his arms or legs, and as I left his bedside at Vaughn he smiled and said, "I can take it, Doctor Bradley, I can take it." What was that? Attitude! Atmosphere! And he *will* take it, and every person who has had to battle and bludgeon their way thru life must have a like atmosphere: "I can take it!"

Mark Twain did it when he was an elderly man with his life pretty well lived, and suddenly the interests of which he was a part became bankrupt. Into the court the matter went and Mark Twain was legally absolved from a single penny's worth of responsibility: legally absolved. What did he do? He put his home, his copyrights, his bank account, everything he had into the firm for his creditors and he went up and down America an old man, singing his songs of buoyancy and humor, love and light, an old man traveling when travel was hard and difficult, and paid *every* dollar to those creditors when he need not have paid, legally, a dime! When someone asked Mark Twain the question, "Why did you do it?" Mark Twain replied, "I'll tell you why. Because honor is a more difficult taskmaster than law." Honor! That was attitude. Honor, the more difficult taskmaster than law.

And so, the atmosphere that we surround ourselves with is important. Our mental, physical, spiritual, cultural atmosphere that we carry with us, that we breathe, emanate, and that illuminates personality so that people are glad when we come and sorry when we go, and reap the inspiration that flows from our lives. That's atmosphere, that's attitude.

The same attitude that the old president of William and Mary College had in 1881, in the aftermath of the Civil War, in Virginia. The roof leaked, the windows were broken. For many years the college had not opened its doors, there were no students and no faculty, and what did the president do? Every morning of his life for seven long years, he went to the chapel of the college, with the roof falling in, and the window lights out, but he rang the chapel bells every morning. Over the village and the countryside the chapel bells of William and Mary College rang. Do you not think it was the atmosphere of the president ringing the bells when the college was closed that had something to do with its reopening, until it has become one of the great institutions of the nation? Instead of chipping away with an ax and a hammer, let's try ringing the bell!

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

MY experience down through the years has convinced me that there are more people who want to lead victorious and triumphant lives than there are people who just merely want to satiate themselves with the temporary pleasures of life and let life go by the boards and take care of itself. I am becoming increasingly convinced, in spite of everything that may be happening in the world, that there are more people who want to live life well and live it effectively and live it beautifully than there are people who want to live it disgracefully and weakly.

I could give you a thousand reasons why I believe that, and I believe it in spite of all the evidences of the increase of crime, and in spite of all the people in our mental and nervous institutions. When I read the statistics, I can't tell you how it affects me. There are far too many people in our nervous-mental institutions. But in spite of that, and of the tremendously alarming, disturbing increase of crime—not just misdemeanors or the little difficulties that people get into occasionally, but startling, tragic crimes of a particularly violent character, I still think there are more people who want to live effectively and live significantly and make their life count, so that when they walk by, someone can point their finger at them and say: "There goes a person who is making life a beautiful thing; there goes a person who, in spite of everything, handicaps, trouble, setbacks, in spite of all obstacles and barriers, is making life count." I believe there are more people who want to do that than want to live a life of failure.

There is something contagious in all our spirits about making life something that is fine and splendid. Now what is one of the primary reasons that prevents our doing that? Well, most people wait until they are just about at their own limits before they really seek help, even from a friend; I mean, just normal advice, just the usual conference, just talking it over. They

wait until their difficulties have driven them into a crisis; then they say that something has to be done about it. They let life pile up, let circumstances crowd them, and then the problem is more difficult, though not beyond solution, by any means, for there are no problems that cannot be solved in the realm of personal living, not one! As beautiful and significant as that fact is, there is still danger in your delay.

Now what are some of the factors that enter into this delay? There is the idea that "Time will take care of everything. Time will bring it out all right." You remember that other one: "Oh, well, a hundred years from now it won't matter." Or this one: "It won't be long now and it will all be over anyway." These are all dangerous attitudes. Of course a hundred years from now, as far as any heart beating now is concerned, they will all be stilled, unless we have sense enough to apply the science of electronic energy to the pursuit of recreative organisms of the body, which I believe can be done. Some of you may live long enough to take advantage of that; but ordinarily we say "A hundred years from now, it won't matter." The point is, that your life and mine are going to live eternally on the plane of our present consciousness, and that means that we are going to influence lives about us, people who are nearest to us, and those influences are indestructible influences. Nothing is ever lost; not a single thought you or I ever had, or a word we have ever spoken is lost. They are indestructible, and for one to think their influence is but a passing fancy, and with the passing of time will be over, is tragedy, consummate, definite, everlasting tragedy!

One of the factors that stands in the way of people meeting life in terms of triumph, is their lack of confidence in their own ability. They say, "I can't do it! I can't face it! I can't go through with it! I haven't confidence enough in myself to go through with it. I cannot make this decision! I don't know whether I ought to do this thing or that! I cannot face that situation!" Lack of confidence in oneself! Now what are one or two of the necessary things to overcome that? First, you must let nothing stand in the way of your *will!* The question of *will* is involved. How strong is your will in this matter, or in that difficulty? And the next thing is a faith that what you are to do, and the decision you must make, is made believing that it is the right thing to do. Your *will,* whether you are the master or whether you are not; whether you say that you stand at the controls of your will, or whether you admit that you do not have those controls, and therefore another problem exists for you. And the next thing becomes a moral issue. I can readily understand how people would be hesitant about doing a thing if, down inside of them, they were a little uncertain as to whether it was the right thing to do. Now, be sure it is the right thing, up to the best of your belief; and then do you know what will happen? You will have the strength to do it. Your indecision is a part of your confusion about a proposition. I have never in my whole life known this truth to fail: that when I faced a dilemma, and attempted to answer this question: "What is the right thing to do?"—It may hurt your dearest friend, it may make you enemies, it may cost you money, it may do many things that will not be comfortable, but "What is the right thing to do?" And when I have answered that question, and have seen the light on the right thing to do, then I have had the strength to do it. Confusion left, lack of confidence left, and I have said, "If this is right, then nothing shall prevent my doing my ut-

most to bring it about in my life."

When I was a boy, in the little village of Linden, Michigan, where I was born and where I spent my childhood, they were building what we called a "brick block." It was a series of country stores which the merchants decided to build. I used to love to go down and see the workmen on the scaffolds, working on the cornice of the brick block. Now my mother had always told me never to climb ladders. I never can look down from a height. It is agony for me. And one day as I was watching the workmen, a bricklayer said to me, "Preston, bring me up a drink of water, will you?" I thought, "Here is my chance," for I did want to climb that ladder. So, in spite of my mother's admonitions, I went up. Then I made the mistake of looking down, and my fright was tragic. Then the bricklayer said, "Don't look down, Preston, look up. You will be all right if you look up." So I turned my face up and went down the ladder. Well, you will be all right too, if you look up.

P.B.

BOOK CHATS

LEO A. LERNER, a Chicagoan and well-known throughout our city, spent last spring and summer in Europe. On the spot and while he was traveling, he wrote a book entitled "Continental Journey." I have known Mr. Lerner for a long time, but I assure you at the very beginning of what I have to say about his book, that this is not the case of a book reviewer being influenced by his friendship with the author. If I had never seen Leo Lerner, or spoken to him, or even heard of him, and only had the book itself to speak for him, I would still say everything which I am going to say about this book, "Continental Journey."

Mr. Lerner brings to his profession, which is journalism, a background of splendid scholastic training, a warm, sympathetic attitude toward humanity, a deep sense of understanding where injustice and inequality exist. He is a comparatively young man, happily married and the father of 3 children. He won the Decalogue Society Award in 1945 for his contribution to human welfare and democracy. This award was based on the unusual editing which he does for a group of 23 neighborhood papers in and around Chicago. In 1937 Mr. Lerner won 1st prize for the best editorial, bestowed by the Illinois Press association and he also won a Theater Guild Prize for the best stage sketch about Chicago.

He has been active in Chicago civic life for many years. Perhaps his most notable contribution in this field was his presidency of the Citizens Schools Committee, when the Chicago Public Schools system was attracting nationwide attention, and the important work which he and that committee did in helping to clear up and clean up the situation in the school system.

He also served effectively as president of the Independent Voters of Illinois for 4 years, and I can speak now authoritatively because for 7 years he served with me as a director of the Chicago Public library, where I had more than one opportunity of knowing his fearless and courageous stand in

matters which involved the efficiency of library service, and the deep sense of responsibility which he had to the public as a member of the Chicago Public Library board.

Whether you agree with Mr. Lerner or not, there is one thing which not even his most bitter enemy or severest critic can possibly challenge, and that is his incorruptible honesty and fearlessness in saying what he believes and in attacking wrong wherever he finds it.

Mr. Lerner also represented his newspapers at the San Francisco Charter Convention, and here again I can speak from personal knowledge, for I do not think there was a single correspondent, journalist or writer in San Francisco who was any more alert, met any more of the famous people who were there, attended more carefully to the business of studying and serving and reporting that conference than Leo Lerner. I saw him daily while I was there, and I know that he was present at interview after interview, and conference after conference, in the press and radio work involved.

All of the important journalists, columnists and reporters of America were there, and not one of them analyzed, observed and wrote more effectively than did Leo Lerner. If this sounds like an extravagant statement, please remember it is the extravagance of truth.

Prof. Walter Johnson, of the University of Chicago, has written the introduction to this book, "Continental Journey," and indicates that the reference often made to Mr. Lerner as "the poor man's William Allen White" is justified. This book must not be thought of in the usual sense of a correspondent's record of a European journey. It is far more than that. Mr. Lerner assumes no attitude of knowing all the answers to all the problems, but his insight and understanding enable him to realize that in Europe, underneath all the horror, strife and turmoil, there are forces at work which will help Europe to emerge as a major identity and, as Walter Johnson says, "fill the vacuum between the United States and the Soviet Union."

I like the book because of the intensely human portrayal. While he was able to meet the famous and the present - important people in every country he visited, the people we don't hear much about in America also occupied much of his attention; and, incidentally, for anyone who contemplates going to Europe this book gives so many pointers that it is valuable from that point of view alone. Everything is grist to Mr. Lerner's mill. No incident is too trivial, no experience too slight but what it enters into the final picture.

It is not a big book. I read it through at one reading and I say, without exaggeration, I received a clearer, more distinct impression of the present continental scene than I have from any book I have read since the war. I wish all those who live in Chicago could read the chapter which he wrote in London for the *London Daily Express,* which is London's largest morning newspaper, when he was asked by that newspaper what he was telling Chicago about his trip.

Ezra Pound said in speaking of the difference between journalism and literature that well written news is journalism, but when the news stays news it becomes literature, and while this book deals with the contemporary scene, it has the stature of literature.

The last and final chapter was written after he came home, and to give you an idea of what his Continental Journey has done to him, listen to the closing sentences which Mr. Lerner has written against the background of what he saw:

"I went to a place yesterday called Barbecue Heaven. It was hot. There was a neon-lighted jukebox. Paper napkins and cigarette butts littered the floor. It would not be your idea of heaven. But it was mine. I stared at the fellow in the dirty apron making something he called the Awful Awful, which consists of six scoops of ice cream smothered with cherries, nuts and whipped cream. There are more calories in one Awful Awful than an Englishman or a Dutchman eats in a week. But the kids who ordered them had hamburgers and malted milks, besides. They left enough French fried potatoes smothered in catsup to feed a whole family of Austrian children.

"Heaven? That's a place where well-fed angels sing. The Cherubs are fat, as Rubens painted them. Having been in some other place for a while, I guess I'll have to get adjusted. Soon I hope to be normal, and then I'll take being here, in Heaven, U.S.A., for granted, just as everybody else does."

* * *

At no time, it seems to me, have we had so many excellent and beautiful anthologies. So many cards and letters came inquiring about the one I mentioned in our last issue, "Something to Live By," also the one of Dr. Albert Schweitzer's writings, that now I am bringing you another one compiled by Marjorie Barrows, which she very aptly calls "One Thousand Beautiful Things." In a day of crime, tragedy, hatred, what an inspiring title! It is published by Consolidated Book Publishers of Chicago, and is so filled with quotations from my favorite authors that I felt sure you would be interested in it. The foreword tells us:

"The great German poet, Goethe, was once asked by a friend what he would suggest as a daily exercise for spiritual betterment. He said: 'I would like to read a noble poem. I would like to see a beautiful picture. I would like to hear a bit of inspiring music. I would like to meet a great soul. And for my fellow men I would like to say a few sensible words.' "

And then the publishers say, "Because we recommend this wish of the great poet to you, we offer an anthology resplendent with beautiful things to enrich your daily life. Not all of us see beauty in the same painting, in the same poem, in the same music. We each bring to any form of the fine arts our own feeling, our own past experience, our own appreciation. That is why seven editors compiled this book from seven different points of view. That is why this book should have a wider appeal than the ordinary anthology."

And the publishers tell us that "The basis of selection required that each piece chosen should stand by itself as a thing of beauty. Special stories, plays, poems, essays in this book will have great emotional and great inspirational appeal to some. Others will find noble ideas, sheer magic of style, exalted mood in other selections. Nearly all of these pages hold favorite, inspiring passages of significant poetry and prose; and most of us will find this book a doorway to the whole world of beauty. Whether one opens the book at the first page or the last, for amusement or instruction, the reader will find *some* beautiful selection which will capture his fancy and provoke him to read further; for, as the title indicates, here veritably are *one thousand beautiful things*."

Truly the anthologies are becoming more and more popular. They furnish an opportunity for inspiration, amusement or knowledge to people with only a few minutes to spare here and there during a busy day or evening. There are three indexes to "One Thousand Beautiful Things,"—author's, title and

subject. The subject index is condensed into 15 subjects—very interesting ones, I think: Americana, Christmas, Contemplation, Death and Consolation, a long list under Everyday Joys, Fine Arts, Friendship, Home and Family, then a very long list under Inspiration, with such names as Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, Balzac, Beecher, Blake, Browning, Buchanan, Collier, Dunsany, Emerson, Jonson and on to the end of the alphabet with twenty other illustrious names. Then a section on Love and one on Nature, including the animal kingdom and the sea, and here I was not at all surprised to find a page from "Wind, Sand and Stars," by Antoine de Saint Exupery. There are such subjects as Patriotism and Peace, Religion and one of which I am very fond, "The Spirit of Adventure," with a few pages from Herman Melville's "Moby Dick"; Richard Hovey's "Sea Gypsy," Stevenson's "The Vagabond," and oh, so many other beautiful things.

Well, when I started down the list under "Wisdom of the Ages," I found so many old friends of mine that I didn't see how I was ever going to leave the subject. And that is the way of this beautiful book, on through "Youth and Old Age." I do believe if the people who are continually writing and asking me where I get the poems I use, would just own Thomas Curtis Clark's "1000 Quotable Poems," and then this book of Marjorie Barrows, "One Thousand Beautiful Things," they would just about have them all. It is one thing to own many volumes of poetry and it is another to own a book wherein seven editors, from seven different points of view, yet all having as a standard that their selection must be in itself a thing of beauty, have made these careful selections, not only from poetry, but from individual stories and from essays. There are quotations from "The Devil and Daniel Webster," and from "Freedom From Fear," by Benet. There is "Vagabond House," by Don Blanding. Then I must tell you of a poem that appealed to Mrs. Bradley and me, called "If Once You Have Slept on an Island," by Rachel Field, from Taxis and Toadstools." Our Summer Home is on an island and to this little island up in the north woods we go every summer for rest and study, and this little poem will be framed this summer and hung in our guest house on our island in Lake Vermilion.

"If once you have slept on an island
You'll never be quite the same;
You may look as you looked the day before
And go by the same old name.

"You may bustle about in street and shop,
You may sit at home and sew,
But you'll see blue water and wheeling gulls
Wherever your feet may go.

"You may chat with the neighbors of this and that,
And close to your fire keep,
But you'll hear ship whistle and lighthouse bell
And tides beat through your sleep.

"Oh, you won't know why, and you can't say how
Such change upon you came,
But—once you have slept on an island,
You'll never be quite the same!"

There are also in this book, pithy sayings from the Great of the Ages. And among these, I found this lovely one by Dinah Maria Mulock Craik:

"Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all

right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together; certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away." Now here is one for us all, by Beecher: who says,

"A forgiveness ought to be like a cancelled note, torn in two and burned up, so that it never can be shown against the man." That's quite a standard to go by, and one to aim for, too. I turned to an essay on "The Worth of Beauty" by James C. Derieux, which tells of Magnolia Gardens, near Charleston, South Carolina, and in which he closes, "If we ever should attain to universal enthusiasm for beatuy, many of our sorest economic problems would dissolve." And one more quote from the book. It is a Sioux Prayer: "Grandfather, Great Spirit, you have been always, and before you nothing has been. There is no one to pray to but you. The star nations all over the heavens are yours, and yours are the grasses of the earth. You are older than all need, older than all pain and prayer. Grandfather, Great Spirit, all over the world the faces of living ones are alike. With tenderness they have come up out of the ground. Look upon your children, with children in their arms, that they may face the winds and walk the good road to the day of quiet. Grandfather, Great Spirit, fill us with the light. Give us the strength to understand and the eyes to see. Teach us to walk the soft earth as relatives to all that live. Help us, for without you we are nothing."

* * *

When a truly great and important national magazine has one editor for thirty years, and then that editor goes back over the period and selects carefully and wisely 47 articles which appeared during his editorship, and puts them all in one book, it is a book which ought to interest us all. Such Ellery Sedgwick has done. After selecting the articles which he wanted to use as a book, he called the book "Atlantic Harvest."

Monthly magazines with national circulation have had, do have, and will continue to have importance in the cultural, educational and spiritual life of the nation. No one who is at all familiar with the National magazine field can help but recognize the leadership of the Atlantic Monthly, and for one of its most distinguished editors to select over the whole period of his editorship these articles, and make them available in permanent book form is a distinct service to every reader of books and lover of good literature.

Perhaps you have read Ellery Sedgwick's autobiography, which he calls "The Happy Profession." If you have, you will remember how he told about the adventures he had while growing up to be an editor and the happiness and amusement he found in being one. A great many people have enjoyed themselves by reading his book. Now he adds to that enjoyment and prolongs it by this collection of his favorite pieces from the magazine, not only of the period of his editorship, and this I want to emphasize, but going back more than 40 years before. One of the most delightful things about this book, "Atlantic Harvest," is comparable to the joys of many of Bernard Shaw's plays, and that is, the preface or introduction is as interesting and as valuable as the work itself. Mr. Sedgwick has written an introduction to his selections that is a literary gem all of its own quality. He dedicates it to the reader "gentle and ungentle," and says,

"This is a book of three generations. Changing tastes, aspirations and interests run through it. We live in an age cumbered with itself. Perspectives

are few and short, but very useful. Of the events of the last four-score years we know almost too much; of the inner transformation which gives them their significance, much too little. With two world wars behind us, we are astonished to see ourselves a different people. What has made us so? Perhaps it is disillusion. The emotion of the war to preserve the union surged over Americans in a great wave of optimism. It rolled on for forty years." Mr. Sedgwick says, "I remember the crest of the wave coming at the turn of the century. The conquest of the Philippines seemed to bring us to the summit of territorial greatness. Then of a sudden we were afraid of our destiny and of ourselves. A note of cynicism crept into the national chorus; the cockadoodledoo of the Fourth of July oration lost its clarion self-confidence. The human perfectability, the creed of the 19th century, seemed a debatable question. We were a different people. We became less sure of convictions long unquestioned. The oasis ahead might be a mirage. Certainties had become doubts and doubts were crystallizing into skepticism. Other changes there are, a profusion of them."

In this introduction Mr. Sedgwick gives authenticity to his decision as to what should be included, because of his understanding of the present mood and tempo of American life. It is an anthology, really; and anthologies, say the Greeks, are flowers garlanded to keep forever fresh blossoms which otherwise might wither on their separate stalks. I was very much interested and not a little amused as he attempted to give three rules for being a good editor.

"The first rule for editing," he says is, "Let your shadow fall full on the page"; that is, of course, the shadow of the editor who makes the decision as to whether your article is acceptable or not. And the second rule for editing a monthly magazine is, "never to forget that its life lasts just thirty days. In that brief span all its vitality must be compressed. Time carefully. Do not print for eternity, print for the *now*," and then, quite facetiously he says, "There is no rule 3." "What is excellent," wrote Emerson, "as God lives, is permanent. With this observation Mr. Sedgwick has no difficulty. "But what is there in a book that defies time? A magazine editor has but one idea in his head. Interest, here and now. If interest is at white heat and the magazine hot off the press, the editor thinks as much about the future as the promoter. To permanence he can hardly aspire. Interest fades with time. New curtains you hang in your show window lose their color in the sun of a second spring. For literature there is one fast dye, one only, and that is style." He tells us it is no use pretending that all the 47 contributions which make up this volume are protected by style from the ravages of time. They are selected, not as copy-book examples, but by the editor's test of interest, applied quite without regard to the date of composition. Some of them, after fifty years hold the attention quite as readily as they did on the day of their birth. Others have varied and insistent claims, but a few owe their very lives to style. I wish I could impress our readers with the wide range which is covered by this book, "Atlantic Harvest," but if you are interested in a book for your library table or bedside stand, or a traveling companion on a journey, here is the book, for each chapter is individual, all by itself, the range of subjects is almost the entire range of human interest, and it is one of those books that one loves to own and have near. Mr. Sedgwick himself says, "in making this collection, I have included nothing

which it did not give me pleasure to read. The book is not dedicated to literature with a big L or a small one. The target is interest and amusement, for it is interest that makes life livable, and amusement that makes us equal to the enduring of it.

P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

SPRING came to Chicago long before the scheduled time for her to appear on the official calendar—Spring, in the form of the Annual National Flower Show! It seemed to have sailed in on a "Magic Carpet" from some fairyland—a land of flowers and scented air—a land of roses and music and budding trees, of waterfall and woodland paths. Beauty and the poetry of color everywhere! Leaving Winter at the entrance gate we had walked into Spring!

I stood before a mountain waterfall, tumbling from a forest of evergreen, over huge boulders and rocks, till at ground level it flowed into a lovely little stream bubbling musically over stones and pebbles, wending its way in graceful curves through the woodland, edged by ferns and pink and white primroses (which in England would be found in masses along banks of brooks). Young birch trees were in tender green bud, a feathery pattern against the dark pines. Here and there were flowering almonds just coming into blossom, carrying out the color keynote, all of which emanated from one gorgeous bush of rhododendrons holding a few exquisite shell-pink blossoms and buds among its handsome dark green foliage. A master hand had placed this bush quite high among rocks and ferns at one side of the waterfall. It was breath-taking in its beauty. A woodland path wended its way past the brook, then climbed up over high rocks, crossed a rustic bridge and down on the other side, traveling on through a clump of white birches into the deeper pine woods, losing itself to view. It was delightful and so inviting, we—my friend who accompanied me and I—never questioned how far it went beyond our gaze—miles through the pines perhaps? It was so realistic we just longed to follow it. On the ground were scattered dry brown leaves and ferns, and peeping out between them, pushing aside last autumn's leaves, were crocuses, violets and lilies-of-the-valley!

We could hardly draw ourselves away from this delightful and nostalgic scene, and returned to it several times during the day. The thought never occurred to us that the waterfall came perhaps from a fire hose, the little stream emptied into a large drain pipe, the boulders and rocks were doubtless placed there by a derrick, and the birches and pines had not grown there for years! To us and to countless thousands who had looked, fascinated by the beauty of this scene, it was real—it was genuine!

And thus we compliment Billy Baxter, nationally famous for his rare

landscaping—surely a true artist and poet. The gold medal for 1948 was awarded him while we were there, and we felt as happy as though he belonged to our family.

There were many other beautiful sights at the Flower Show, such as the huge basket of roses with ten- to twelve-foot stems, each rose a gorgeous and perfect thing! This was valued and insured for one thousand dollars! I am sure I never will forget it. And what a thrill it was to see lilac bushes coming into blossom! Purple and white ones. They were used with other blooming shrubs in the Chicago Park System's exhibit which was very lovely, featuring a lily pool and a sun dial with shrubs for background. Well, if I keep on telling you about the Flower Show I shall fill the entire Liberalist, and I must not do that! Oh, how I wish everyone who loves flowers and nature and reacts to color and beauty might see the Flower Show! The effect is one of spiritual upliftment and an inner joyfulness, like going into the country on a warm early Spring day.

Before we look into the Mail Bag, I want to tell you that with this number the Liberalist enters its 25th year. There are some who have been readers of our little Magazine from the beginning, and some who are just becoming acquainted with it. I hope the old friends think there is improvement through the years, and that the new readers' interest will increase until they too become old friends, and we all tread the path of passing time together.

Now a glance at the Mail Bag. The first letter I pick up should rightfully be first, as it very kindly compliments our Liberalist, saying the writer could not do without it! And that is nice to receive on this 24th Birthday of the little Magazine.

"Dear Dr. Bradley: To give your listeners an opportunity to possess your wise philosophy in book form is a wonderful thing to do. I want a copy as soon as it is published.

"I enjoy the Liberalist so much and could not do without it. It gives me, just as your broadcasts do, a saner outlook on life. I wonder if you realize how many people you reach, and wonder too, if you realize how many you teach to live more contented lives. I know you have taught me much these last years.

"Here is a bit of philosophy you could have written for it is a bit of you:

Remember the blind — the sightless
ones, whose eyes can never see
The beauty of the lovely earth—the
glory of a tree.
Remember the lame, on crutches bent,
for they can never know
The thrill of movement, running, free—
with strong swift limbs aglow.
Remember the deaf, the lonely deaf,
for they have never heard
The wonder of a human voice—the
rapture of a bird.
Remember the dumb, with speechless
lips, in silence set apart
Who never can express in words the
longings of the heart.
And so if we grow bored and dull as
down Life's path we drift—
Remember—and be thankful, for each
good and perfect gift.

—*By* PATIENCE STRONG.

Very truly yours, Edith Neubacher, Route 2, Bloomington, Ind."

* * *

And from a Chicagoan, not so far from The Peoples Church, this next letter has come, and it very interesting —and in my opinion, right! This friend, Mrs. Suter, says:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: This probably should not be classified as 'fan mail'

because I am a member of 'our' church for over twenty years. But I want to make a suggestion that only you could carry out. It is this:

"You know, all of us (not just members of The Peoples Church) sit in our churches Sunday after Sunday and hear our minister pray that God will guide our leaders and give them wisdom to do what is right. That in itself is all right, but I think a P.S. should be added: 'Give *us* the wisdom to understand and cooperate with our leaders, and to interest ourselves in matters of national interest.' When a few leaders of the strongest fiber finally succeed in dragging us through to victory, we all sit back and act as though we'd been 'up and stirring' all the while, whereas we were really half asleep until the bells began to ring. Instead of letting us feel as though through our grace God dispenses wisdom to our leaders, couldn't you shake out our conceit this Lenten Season and tell us we aren't smart at all—just lucky up to now? They say 'God protects the dumb-bells.' Maybe we're even dumber than the rest (?). Respectfully and faithfully, Mrs. G. Suter."

* * *

In closing I give you this friendly letter from Mrs. Coyle of Berwyn, who writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I get such great joy out of your broadcasts because you use the right word in the right place—because you believe in attitudes, because your thinking is so clear cut, because you love your fellow men, because your highest aim is to be of use to all.

"It's easy to see that you follow the rules you have thoughtfully made for yourself, and therefore you work efficiently, making every moment and every occasion count.

"I think the reason for your success with people is your open-mindedness and your open-heartedness; and the fact that you can see people as they see themselves, understanding them.

"I like your clarity and simplicity in your talks. You read for yourself, for your own enlightenment and then you interpret for us in words that even unlearned people can understand.

"It was good to hear Moulton Kelsey's voice on your program the other night. It is unfortunate for us that men like Mr. Kelsey, Raymond Swing had a number of others (Cloyd Head) are not on the radio. But I am glad that I heard them when they were.

"The best thanks I can give you is to keep on listening to you on week nights and on Sundays. Very sincerely, Mrs. C. H. Coyle."

* * *

I think you will be glad to know that Dr. Bradley and I are leaving the day after Easter to take a Caribbean Cruise, sailing from New Orleans. Dr. Bradley was never in such great need of just the sort of rest and relaxation a trip of this kind gives. Sunshine and balmy air—no place to go, nothing one has to do. No engagements—no mail—no phones or broadcasts.

And so—"We're off to sea in a pea-green boat" (or of whatever color!) and will return to you before April ends!

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

(The following two articles are reprinted from "OUR FAITH," published by The Unitarian Christian Fellowship, for January, 1948)

OUR LARGER UNITARIANISM

It has been said that Unitarians believe in the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the Neighborhood of Boston—these three, and the greatest of these is Boston. It is a good quip. But when you study the past history of our churches, you find that there was much to make people believe in the spiritual richness and beauty of the neighborhood of Boston, because there was here so much of what Emerson, referring to no church or sect, denoted by his lines: "For these were men, were unitarians of the united world, and, wheresoever their clear eye-beams fell, they caught the footsteps of the Same."

Our Unitarian movement in this neighborhood a century ago was a little river, but it sprang from a high place and carried with it a great faith in God and man. It did not rise and flow from any barren and cold idea of God; it did not spring from any lower conception of the nature and character of Christ than was held by other churches. It sprang from the hill which affirmed the spiritual dignity and divine capacity of all human beings. So the little stream represented the pull of irrestible power; it corresponded to what an eminent man called "the unitary sweep of all things human into relation with all things divine."

There is something else we cannot help seeing, when we look back upon our past. The great teachers and leaders of the Unitarian fellowship did not think of themselves as being shut up to a little separate stream of their own. Indeed they did not think of it as a little stream at all. Why not? Because they did not think of it as being distinct from the vital and ever-reforming stream of Christian tradition. They claimed all that was good and true in the Christian tradition as their inheritance, their possession and inspiration. They considered Unitarianism to be, not a complacent, peculiar stream running all alone, but the current of a river greater than itself. There was a larger Unitarianism as well as a lesser. The Unitarian name could not be imposed on that larger tradition. No single name or church or age or country could confine it; but it was like a mighty Father of Waters, flowing from generation to generation through the Christian world—often checked and corrupted, but continually bursting forth anew. Our noble predecessors never dreamed of separating their faith from the main stream of religious inspiration and endeavor. They did not ask of any practice or doctrine the vexatious question: Is this Unitarian? They asked the greater question: Is this Christian, according to the simplicity and height and depth of Christ himself? They never tried to foist their own name on others. They never allowed their idea of Unitarianism to be that of a little sectarian back-water, or of a superior little pool. They felt that they had all the lessons and living power of Christian history, indeed of all religious history, at the back of them.

Nothing less than this should content us. On no shallower waters can we float great hopes for the future. If the general movement of our fellowship of churches has become either meager or fretful, it is evidence of a need to put ourselves again in the place indicated once by C. Gordon Ames of Boston, when he declared: "We do not separate

from the best faith of the Christian world, but we seek to put ourselves in the very middle of the stream of power which has flowed down the ages, and in sympathy with that great human heart which broke on Calvary for the love of all souls."

VIVIAN T. POMEROY

(Minister, First Congregational Paris, Milton, Mass.)

A FREE CHURCH MUST BE A CHURCH

[A free church must be a church if it is to fill its purpose. As a church it should foster man's highest relation to the world, in thought, feeling, and deed. Moreover, in the use of freedom we need strong convictions and principles.

Our Unitarian Church is a free church. The men who gave our fellowship preeminence in the past century were men of faith in the religion of Jesus as summed up in love to God and love to man. For the spread of that faith they organized and maintained a free fellowship in which they did not impose a creedal test. Like them we welcome into membership with us "any who while differing from us in belief are in sympathy with our spirit and aims." . . . . .

Faith in God makes the world a home. The absence of faith in God makes man an orphan. Faith in God gives man a sustaining companionship through every experience of life. The lack of such faith leaves man with a sense of final helplessness against the ravages of time. We believe that ultimately what makes a free church is not alone the element of freedom, but also, and foremost, a conscious, living, loving relationship with the Infinite and Eternal Spirit in whom we live and move and have our being.]

ROY B. WINTERSTEEN

(First Church in Roxbury, Roxbury, Mass.)

ETERNAL VALUES

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Whatever else he lost among the years,
God still abides, and love remains the same,
And bravery will glimmer through men's tears,
And truth will keep its clean and upright name.
As long as life lasts there will ever be
Kindness and justice and high loyalty.

In a bewildered world these things will hold
The human heart from darkness and despair;
Old as the sun and the moon and stars are old,
Remaining constant, they are ever there,
Lodestars for men to steer their courses by.
The eternal things of life can never die.

OUR POSSESSIONS

One of my radio listeners, Mr. Roy E. Hawkinson, of 7125 S. East End Avenue, here in Chicago, sent me some time ago an inventory which is just as appropriate now as it was then. I quote his words:

"O, we still have possessions, you and I, but may we guard them carefully. Our inventory stands high as the sky, and wide as the land. Custodians of precious substance beyond mortal computation. Holders and guardians of city gates, overseers of mountains, lakes, rivers and valleys. Trustees of great forests, large grain fields, and immense herds. Reckoners of wild-life, share-profiteers in bird song and four-footed communication.

"Only in attunement with the stars, with the whisper of the wind, and in the song of raindrops and purity of falling snow, may we accurately appraise our true inheritance. For in the full moon alone, lies pale and secure beyond mortal evaluation, untold wealth.

"We are rich, you and I; therefore, may we search deep into our hidden vault, the heart, that we may fairly to ourselves, estimate a just proportion of our treasures; and stand forth, sound guardians of our possessions. Free men of 1948! It is our duty and our privilege!"

You see, there are two ways of looking at our possessions. You remember the old familiar saw: "Twixt the optimist and pessimist, the difference is droll; the optimist the doughnut sees, the pessimist the hole." The thing to remember is, they both see a doughnut, but the optimist is the realist. What the cynic sees would be there if there were no doughnut.

Cynicism has had its day in literature, too, and reached one of its great heights in the works of Lathrop Stoddard and in Spengler's "The Decline of the West" which was the product of a great mind and a fine scholar, but is cynicism incarnate. It portrays what he conceives to be the inevitable defeat and disaster that is to engulf human kind—a disaster that may never come. The words spiritual and ideal were scoffed at during the years that the cynic was on the throne. Man thought that he had found his security in things. He was certain that when he had enough food, enough clothing, enough automobiles, enough of everything, he had all that existence could offer. And then his world tumbled about him!

Now we are beginning to see things in the light of different conceptions of values. No person with faith can ever succumb to cynicism. The cynic has no belief in himself, in society, in the ideals of civilization, and has never found a way to use failure as the stepping stone to achievement. He is usually a finalist, an absolutist; and I don't believe in finality nor in absolutism. I believe in growth and development. Nor do I believe that history repeats itself or that man has no control over his destiny. Such philosophy may be popular, but the simple fact of the matter is, that it is not true. It wasn't a cynic who signed the Emancipation Proclamation, and when the American Revolution brought a new ideal of government, founded on faith in man, there were cynics who said, "You can never build a nation on the principles of the Constitution, and for fifty years following its adoption there was an era of cynicism, dominated by those who predicted failure, but the capacity of humanity to develop this form of government, has given the lie to the defeatists and has made the cynic a false portrayer of human affairs.

The same thing happened at the

close of the Civil War. There was a great era of cynicism and many said we would not remain a nation. And George Washington wrote in his diary that there never would be anything in the United States west of the Allegheny Mountains because they were impassable; and now, we do not even go through them or around them, but we go over them.

The nation and the world owe very little to the cynic and the defeatist, and the man who says it can't be done is usually pushed aside by someone who is doing it. Therefore, let me sound again a clarion call for a renewal of faith—faith in your country; faith in God, and faith in yourself! We have always had the cynic with us and we always will, but we can easily detect him, and we can discount his whole spirit.

There are many people in the world trying to live without faith. They have little faith in government, in business, in education, religion, or anything else, and to many people all these things are rackets. Well, the man who only sees a racket in everything good and fine is a man who needs some reorganization within himself. Deliver me from the man who is always discovering an ulterior motive. When you find him, you will always find one who has no faith in anything or anybody. Is it not true that most of us are what we are, largely because someone had faith in us and believed in us? So let us believe in ideals and hopes and dreams, and if we do, we will give this old world a mighty push on its way to something fine and great in the years to come. In somewhat the same thought as the inventory which I read, is the poem "Legacy," by Francesca Falk Miller which Thomas Curtis Clark includes in his anthology "Poems for Life":

"These shall I leave to you,
When I am gone—
Red in a western sky,
Primrose at dawn.

Fountains that toss their spray,
Moonlight through trees,
Storms over mountaintops,
Salt from the seas.

Plants on a window-ledge,
Rose-shaded light,
Fragrance of growing things,
Music at night.

Children who laugh at play,
Thrushes that call,
Mem'ries to ease your grief,
God over all."

JOHNNY APPLESEED

Across the length and breadth of pioneer Indiana, and throughout the new West, finally to a resting place among the people he loved, strode one of the strangest figures the world has ever known. His real name is now almost forgotten, but Johnny Appleseed continues to live in the minds of men. John Chapman, of Scotch ancestry, born in Springfield, Mass., in September, 1744, lived a life enveloped in a curious philosophy, gathering legendary lustre, and shining through the mists of time as an odd, strange, beautiful symbol of service to others. Thus lives the memory of this modern Saint Francis, who became the patron Saint of the Orchard.

This quiet little boy came into the world at a time of strife and rebellion,

and when thousands of emigrants were joining earlier ones along the fringe of the American seaboard states in long trains of covered wagons, winding their way across the Alleghenies into the Indian country—Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. Yet, in this movement, when every man was for himself, stood this lad whose innermost nature was almost entirely altruistic. The Swedenborgen philosophy that was fast spreading throughout the Eastern States, he found to be in perfect complement with his quiet nature, because it laid special emphasis upon the spiritual connection of God with nature in every manifestation of life, and he became a missionary along the Potomac River. Finally, he and his brother started west.

At one of their stops in New York, an old bachelor named John Winote often talked about wanting an apple orchard like he had in his childhood back in the East. Other pioneers wanted orchards as well, and thus was born in the mind of a boy one of the greatest and most original altruistic schemes for the betterment of pioneer conditions in the West. A dream, in which he was told to sew seeds that should bloom and bear fruit, bringing joy and happiness to the earth, inspired him to go west with appleseeds and sow them wherever he went. Before he left, he and his brother, Nathaniel, planted their first nursery in his Uncle's neighborhood, where they had been staying. Thus began fifty years of a labor of love. "You are John Chapman now," said Winote, "but some day you will be known as Johnny Appleseed."

He crossed and re-crossed the middlewest country many times. His whole life's mission was to do good. He had no fear, perhaps because no one feared him; and the Indians looked upon him as one in communication with the great Spirit. From the cider presses in the fall, he gathered seeds, and then when spring came he went across country, wherever he could get permission to throw his seeds and every apple orchard in the middle west is an eternal memorial to him. Such a memorial is better than marble monuments and his life is one of the great epics of this nation.

Creed for the Dauntless

"When keeping on seems fruitless,
Push on with all the power you own!
Consider wind's and water's way
With hard, resistant stone.
Think how one trickle, dropping slow,
Will groove the stoutest block,
And how the gentlest winds that blow
Will round the sharpness of a rock."

(From Best Loved Unity Poems)

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan
36th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD).....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (From first Sunday in November through Easter Sunday—not broadcast)..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Anderson Hall. Classes for all age groups. Robert Crosswhite, Supt. Sunday..... 9:30 a.m.

Mothers' and Daughters' Dinner, Friday, April 30th, Anderson Hall—Ave. 2955 for Reservations. Mothers, $1.25; Daughters, 75c.

CHOIR REHEARSAL, Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director, every Friday (Auditions 7:30 p.m.), Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall). Monday, April 12th (last program prior to election and Spring luncheon). Mrs. O. N. Naylor, Garden Chairman, will transform Anderson Hall into an indoor garden, with music, song and interpretive dancing. Jeanne Smith, soprano, of the church choir, with Walter Flandorf, organist and director, will give songs of the out-of-doors. Pretty girls from the Gladys Hight School of Dancing will give an interpretive Spring dance. Tea hour hostesses, Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison and Mrs. H. B. Hunter..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, April 26th, annual meeting and election of officers..... 1:00 p.m

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall). Tuesday, April 13th, annual meeting. Reports of officers and committees—Hear what your club has done. Suggestion Box Contest ..... 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, April 27th, something new in programs—Helen Adele Larch Shaw, former assistant to Lorado Taft, presenting a Modelogue-Lecture in Clay. Public invited. Admission 60c. Refreshments..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—Meets the fourth Monday of each month in Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB—Meets first Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall.... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY OF THE MARY BARTELME CLUB—Meets with Professional and Business Woman's Club..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHERS FORUM OF CHURCH SCHOOL—Meets second Monday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

CHANNING CLUB—Meets first and third Fridays of each month. Anderson Hall. April meetings, April 2nd and 16th. Joan Pink, Corr. Sec., 4608 Hazel Ave., Ard. 1482..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187—Meets every Thursday evening, Anderson Hall, Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26), Rog. 5742 ..... 7:30 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St. Phone Mic. 7766. Plays presented in Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St. For complete schedule see page 23.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday morning, direct from Church Auditorium.....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

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1149 N. LaSalle Street **Michigan 7766**

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April Production

"THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH"

Thrilling Mystery Play by Ayn Rand and
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Playing

Saturday evenings, April 3 and 10.....Curtain 8:30
Sunday matinee, April 11.....Curtain 3:00
Sunday evening, April 25.....Curtain 8:30

Eleventh Street Theatre
62 E. 11th St.

* * *

APRIL DRAMA TEA

Sunday, April 4, 4 p.m. — Anderson Hall
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